

# The Evening World

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## The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
January 31, 1904. 12,231 1/2  
Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
January 31, 1903. 7,856 1/2

INCREASE. 4,374 1/2

This record of growth was not equalled by any  
newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

## THE OBDURATE SIX.

It is hard to understand the mental processes of men  
who would deliberately put themselves in such a position  
as that occupied by the managers of the six theatres  
branded yesterday by the Mayor as unsafe. It makes  
no difference what the technical legal rights on either  
side may be. These are important matters in dealing  
with a gas company, because the gas company can ask,  
"What are you going to do about it?" It knows that  
most of its customers will keep on using gas, whether  
they like their treatment or not; and the only influence  
to which it is susceptible is that of a club.

But a theatre is different. Its popularity is as delicate  
as the credit of a bank. If the Comptroller of the  
Currency ordered a national bank to close its doors on  
the ground that it was insolvent, the fact that it might  
be able to put up a good technical argument against the  
order in court would not be of much help to its business.

If the theatres condemned by the Mayor had shared  
in the failures of this disastrous season, the obstinacy  
of their managers could have been more easily under-  
stood. But they have had some of the few conspicuous  
successes of the year. There is not one of them that will  
not lose more, a dozen times over, by this official black-  
listing, even if its proprietors succeed in reopening its  
doors, than it would have cost to make the alterations  
required.

The managers profess to feel aggrieved because they  
are expected to do everything in a day. They have had  
a month and a half since the Iroquois warning, and most  
of the things they are asked to do now ought to have  
been done before that without waiting for an order.  
They will get no sympathy from the people whose  
money has supported them and whose lives they have  
put at hazard.

**Sport for the Gas Trust.**—The Gas Trust almost caught  
six Italians in a bunch by ingeniously varying its pres-  
sure. They were all asphyxiated in one room, but  
escaped with their lives through the interference of an  
official neighbor. Abraham Cohen got off in the same  
way, after being reduced to unconsciousness by a gas  
shove, but the trust was more successful in the case of  
Robert Moore, who was killed by carelessness in chang-  
ing a meter. This hunting with gas is a sport almost  
as exciting as running down pedestrians with automo-  
biles.

## OUR GORGED TRANSIT CHANNELS.

The representatives of the Rapid Transit Commission  
have expressed the opinion in court that New York will  
need a new subway system or its equivalent every four  
years to keep up with the growth of population, and  
that in time there will be tunnels under every street.  
The assertion is startling, but figures, not to speak of  
the facts of common observation, prove it to be well  
founded.

In April, 1902, the transportation lines of the Bor-  
ough of Manhattan were generally felt to be jammed  
to their utmost capacity. Yet, in the same month a year  
later the companies contrived to pack over six million  
more passengers into their cars, an increase of more  
than 200,000 per day. That mere increase is enough to  
crowd 420 six-car trains, with every seat filled and peo-  
ple standing in the aisles. It is enough to give one  
double-track elevated railroad all the business it can  
comfortably handle. In other words, one new double-  
track, railroad each year would just take care of the  
year's growth of traffic, without making any impression  
on the existing congestion.

The greatest number of passengers carried in one day  
by the elevated railroads of Manhattan in the first four  
months of 1902 was 808,616. The greatest number carried  
in any day of the corresponding months of 1903 was  
917,060, an increase of 108,444. At this rate, if the en-  
tire elevated system were duplicated by 1910 it would  
be as crowded as the existing system was in 1902.

In the near future even a tunnel under every avenue  
will not be enough to take care of our passenger traffic.  
We shall have other deep tunnels running straight to  
the suburbs without regard to streets or houses. We  
shall have a belt line along the water front. We shall  
develop the utmost capacities of the present systems. We  
shall have fast passenger boats plying up and down the  
rivers. We shall have automobile stage lines on those  
streets which, like Fifth Avenue and the Riverside Drive,  
are barred to car-tracks. And by beginning the suc-  
cessive improvements before we are whipped into it by the  
lash of an unavoidable necessity we may eventually suc-  
ceed not only in keeping up with the growth of our  
population, but in gaining on it sufficiently to give every  
passenger a seat.

**New York Still Inhabitable.**—Notwithstanding an in-  
crease of at least 100,000 in the population and twice that  
in the number of passengers carried daily by the local  
transportation lines, as well as the abnormally severe  
weather, the number of street accidents in the month  
just closed has been only 139, against 213 for the  
same month last year. File one more exhibit in sup-  
port of the allegation that the lid was not lifted in  
New York on New Year's Day.

**What is the Minimum Kissing Age?**—For the second  
time Mayor McClellan has failed to kiss the bride after  
performing a marriage ceremony, and his excuse for this  
abject dereliction of duty is that he is "too young." Too  
young to kiss? Is he old enough to go to school?

# The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

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Mr. Peewee Succumbs to the Charms of a Chorus Girl.



To-Day's \$5 Prize "Evening Fudge" Editorial Was Written by T. Fleming, Hilton, N. J.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
You can make a human advertisement by leaving a  
copy of the Evening Fudge on a trolley car seat (red  
page up). Any one who sits on it gets up with a  
bright red smudge on his county seat.  
A man in New Jersey, an Erie commuter, saved  
enough Evening Fudge red pages to paint his barn.  
Another lot of commuters secured enough of the red  
pages to make a flag, with which to stop the trains.  
The red was so EXTRA hot, however, that it spread  
the rails.  
Lady readers have taken to wearing gloves. Dyes  
allow a rebate for the aniline found in them.  
JAMES PETRIE,  
No. 69 Rose Avenue, Jersey City.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for To-Day, \$1 Paid for  
Each: No. 1—MISS LIBBIE CHEYNE, 195 Eleventh  
Street, Brooklyn; No. 2—C. K. DE COSTA, 3111 Glen-  
wood Road, Flatbush, Brooklyn; No. 3—LESLIE BAILEY,  
209 Washington Street, West Hoboken, N. J.

To-morrow's Prize "Fudge" Editorial:  
"Why Chickens Do Not Smoke."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
The following was composed by  
a reader who had a frozen brain  
for one year, but who was cured  
in five minutes by the hot air  
which arises from the Evening  
Fudge Editorial Page!!!  
Mary had a little lamb,  
His fleece was white as snow,  
But it got a smudge  
From our red ink fudge.  
And now it looks like a red flau-  
nel shirt.  
T. A. DOOLING,  
No. 256 Tompkins Ave., Brooklyn.

## SASSY SUE

By the Creator of "Sunny Jim"

## Susan and the Germs



"What's that?" said Sue to Dr. Druggs.  
"You say I'm full of microbe bugs?"

"I caught 'em in this bug house town!  
I feel 'em fightin'! Hold me down!"

"What? Take some pizen? Now you get!  
And Dr. Druggs is running yet!"



"SEE a lot in the newspapers about the trem-  
endous excitement on the Cotton Exchange,"  
said the Cigar Store Man.

"It's a great game, that cotton gas," an-  
swered the Man Higher Up. "From what I can drag out  
of the truthful reports in the newspapers, the specu-  
lators must be playing it with stage money. Here is  
cotton worth twice as much as it was last summer. As  
the honest stock-market reporter has it, the Cotton Ex-  
change has been a continuous performance with pan-  
demonium as the star. Sully wins about a million  
dollars a minute; John W. Gates cleans up a billion  
and blows it for soda water; the New Orleans clique  
takes its profits home on a barge. But nobody loses any-  
thing."

"After careful massaging of my memory I am able  
to recall only one man who went to the bad on the cot-  
ton market. He was a clerk in a cotton broker's office  
and he bucked the game with real money. When he  
exploded the firm went up with him. If anybody will  
show me who has lost all the money that Sully and  
Brown and Gates and the other big winners have cleaned  
up I'll take him around to Huber's Museum and show  
him the fireproof wood."

"We read that the Southern cotton planters have set  
Sully up for their joss and are burning tobacco in his  
honor, but the Southern cotton planters are borrowing  
money from the banks to escape being planters without  
a plant. The manufacturers are screaming about the  
high prices and raising the ante on made-up goods, but  
you don't hear of them buying any large amount of  
cotton. In the mean time the supply of cottonseed oil  
for cooking purposes in our best restaurants remains  
undiminished."

"If a man goes against the bank in 'Honest John'  
Kelly's or Canfield's or any other gambling-house that  
used to run and skins the check-rack the bank is loser.  
The boss gambler pays over the money. On the Stock  
Exchange or the Board of Trade, if a successful corner  
is run, a lot of people in the game on the wrong side go  
broke. You can keep cases on those games, but the cot-  
ton gamble is a buried card, it seems, to everybody but  
Sully."

"The reports of Sully's stunts since he came to New  
York and started to boost the cotton game show that  
he has bought all the cotton in sight about a dozen times.  
He carries a couple of million bales. There is a slump  
of \$8 a bale, and he never bats an eye. To make good in  
the game they give him credit for playing, he must have  
the Standard Oil Company or the United States Treas-  
ury behind him."

"Well, I've quit trying to get wise to it," said the  
Cigar Store Man.

"You can get put wise all right," replied the Man  
Higher Up, "if you go to a broker, but it will cost you  
money."

## Who Begins the Flirtation?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.



"A WOMAN al-  
ways starts  
a flirtation,"  
said an accom-  
plished  
graduate of up-  
per Broadway the  
other day. "No  
matter how un-  
sophisticated she may  
be and how worldly  
the man in any  
love affair, he never  
does more than  
meet her half way."  
It seemed to the  
group of women lis-  
tening to him that  
they had heard  
something of the  
kind before. And  
one of them, who  
was slightly bet-  
tered in the Bible  
than the others,  
quoted:

"The woman that  
Thou gavest me  
tempted me and I  
did eat," adding:

"Your remark, you see, is just about as old as Adam."  
And, indeed, the idea that women make the first sen-  
timental advances has been one of man's most cherished tra-  
ditions from time immemorial.

And the most usual argument of a man who has been  
plainly and flatly turned down by an unsympathetic young  
woman is the remark: "Well, you know you encouraged me.  
What would I have been doing around you so long if you  
hadn't?"

And of course the young man may be right, but his  
shifting of responsibility inevitably reminds the girl of the  
old Adam and does not add to her opinion of him.  
Yet, do men really believe that women start flirtations?  
And are they justified in the belief? The question is a very  
difficult one to decide. For what man or woman ever knew  
the exact moment at which the current of his or her feel-  
ings left the smooth roadbed of platonic friendship and  
plunged into the rocky path of love?

But one thing is sure. In New York City there is a cer-  
tain class of man who deems it his duty to make love to  
any and every fairly good-looking woman he chances to  
meet. And this without any sign of encouragement from  
the girl.

If he is introduced to a young woman of the great un-  
chaperoned class, her mere passive endurance of him is  
sufficient to make him believe that in his own picturesque  
phrasing he has made a hit with her.

And thereafter, until the girl wakens to the fact of his  
strange belief, the whole power of his mind when he is with  
her is concentrated on making the hit greater.  
In this process the girl amounts to very little. It is the  
hit that counts. Like the patrons of the electric rifles at  
Coney Island, he is chiefly interested in watching the  
round black mark that springs out of nothing if they score  
a hit, and he is rather pleased than otherwise to see  
that it "is like the borealis race that fits are you can point  
the place, for he has demonstrated his superior  
marksmanship, and that is all that really interests him.  
Perhaps in less progressive towns men may wait for some  
sign of encouragement from a girl. But in New York they  
take the encouragement for granted. It saves time. If the  
girl absolutely fails to appreciate the honor of the atten-  
tions that are being paid and actually seems bent on making  
a hit at his expense, he can always say she encouraged  
him, anyway.